

THE
MIRROR OF THE STAGE,
 AND
New Theatrical Inquisitor.

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Embellished with a Portrait of

Mrs. CHATTERLEY, as *Margurite*.

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WINTER SEASONS.

Theatre Royal COVENT GARDEN opens for the season on Monday, the twenty-seventh of September.

Theatre Royal DRURY LANE opens for the season on Wednesday, the twenty-ninth of September.

The OLYMPIC Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Frampton, has undergone considerable improvements and alterations, preparatory to its opening for the season, on the second of October. Several new pieces are in preparation, and a good company is, we understand, engaged. Stage Manager, Mr. Vining.—Box book keeper, Mr. Parker.

The interior of the ADELPHI Theatre has been much altered and improved; particularly the boxes, which have now a passage through the centre. Most of the old performers are retained: great preparations are making for opening the campaign with effect.

The Opera of DER FREISCHUTZ; OR, THE SEVENTH BULLET, as it is performing at most of the London Theatres, is now published by Duncombe, Little Queen-street, Holborn, Price Six-pence.; embellished with a spirited view of "the Wolf's Glen."

THE
Mirror of the Stage;

AND

NEW THEATRICAL INQUISITOR.



No 23.] MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

MINOR-IES.

MR. HARWOOD.

"Never did beetle hum so teasingly."
The Giulii Tre.

WE think HARWOOD is as difficult a subject as the minor world affords for anatomization. He possesses no decided character himself, but is one of a numerous tribe of non-descripts, without even the general concomitant monstrosity. Mr. H. is assuredly a monster, but not a "most rare" one; there is nothing outrageously funny, or extravagantly original in his efforts: he is something like the tremendous red-eyed, whooping owl in *Der Freischütz*; we are speedily accustomed to its strange appearance by its accompanying monotony; the eyes flash very decorously, and the "tur-whit, tur-whoo" bubbles forth in drowsy accordance to the extension of optics; thus the *virtue* of enormity, is detracted by tediousness; so it is with Mr. H.'s acting, and he is a goblin the most harmlessly dull & unamusing; we are not startled by

his appearance, but endure his "damnable faces" with the greatest composure, as we would take snuff, whilst looking on a painted martyrdom; though at first, the colouring might have startled us, but the constancy of the picture tranquillizes our terrors; and it seems as impossible for Mr. H. to undergo the least mutability in whatever he may attempt, as the painted heretic to remove his nippers from where the artist has at first disposed them; so, knowing that Mr. H. cannot torture us in a fresh place, he excites not the least fear; and where he first seized us is deadened against further sensation. Besides all this, if Mr. H. could nip us in another part—if he could hold us with red-hot tongues—directly he spoke, we should inhale the fumes of opium, and slumber unconscious of the new attachment; thus Mr. H., if he could ever torment, is, despite of himself, made surgeon to the wound; but we are well assured that he cannot *hurt* by novelty; he will, we have little doubt, be always the same, and we shall still exclaim to an enquirer

upon the actor's entrance, "oh, it's *only* HARWOOD," in the same spirit as a keeper of wild beasts assures a spectator that the animal "will not bite."

We remember Mr. H. in a very stupid piece (though it was not Mr. BALL's) called *Bianca*—it will be said, there was little put into the actor's mouth;—granted, but then there was *nothing* came out of it, an actor has no right to retain part of his author in his stomach, which Mr. H. assuredly did, although *with* him it certainly is not the *emptiest* part. Well, Mr. H., was in this piece, habited as a soldier; certainly it was of the heavy *corps*, and he deserved shooting for being asleep three parts of his time: he walked and talked, and his words were in creaking consonance with his boots (or) shoes; we could hardly observe the music of his tongue from that of his heels—with Mr. H. it was all *leather*; though, let us be just, in allowing, that at times, it was enlivened and diversified with a something approaching a snuffle. We do not intend to particularize this effort; because the whole of Mr. H.'s acting is the same—it is politic of the managers to let him play with Harry KEMBLE—it is absolutely philanthropic—because no sooner does KEMBLE give us the head ache, than HARWOOD sends us to sleep.

We will conclude our remarks with addressing the same similitude to Mr. H. as was once given to a far greater man, than could the combined capacities of a "myriad myriads" of HARWOOD's produce, "frogs in a marsh, flies in a bottle, wind in a crevice, a preacher in a field, the drone of a bagpipe, all, all, yield to the immutable and soporific monotony of Mr. H."

Who shall be our next?—Henry KEMBLE?—Aye, Henry KEMBLE. We have a particular reason for speaking of this gentleman, because we know he has philosophy, and also great contempt for the press. Besides this,

"—the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare!"
though we shall *not* tremble, when
"the lion roars." æ

TIME'S SAWDUST.

THE PAUPER AND HIS DOG.

"I AM dying, sir, for want of food," exclaimed a poor wretch, to a fat, yet hard-featured man; the petitioner and the petitioned afforded a true representation of the tragedy, or tragi-comedy of this life: for after all, it is best to laugh at the world, although sometimes the chuckle will shake the tear-drops from the eyes of the rejoicer, and when he would think to pass merrily on, careless of all, he finds his new waistcoat stained with the drops of compassion. But, to return to my party.—I heard the words, "dying for want of food," I turned quickly round to discover from whence they proceeded, somewhat indignant that such a sentence should be uttered in a world, teeming with abundance. I beheld the wretched instrument that breathed so doleful a tune, and a man resting himself as unconcernedly against his door-post, as though he was listening to the air of a musical snuff-box, and not the plaint of a famished fellow-being—I felt myself instantly hurried from the world—I was, in a moment, on the heights of philosophy; but lesser agents than the beggar have elevated me to the same eminence; a smiling Jew, has made me skip away from man, to consider him better at a distance, and when the Israelite has thought me ensnared with the smile-baited muscles of his countenance, I have but shook my head at his degradation, and sighed for the meanness of mortality: I am so soon snatched from the pavement or highway, that I have been frequently accounted a very unsociable fellow; but it is my infirmity to philosophize; it is also my infirmity you will say, to digress; I own both the enormities.

I will now speak of the triumvirate—the overseer—the beggar—and the eloquent third—the beggar's dog. I viewed them a moment, and was determined, from the first glance, to see the business out; I accordingly leaned against a post opposite the overseer's door, and

began to tap the edge of my boot with my stick, as I thrust forward my head, raised my eye-brows, and lengthened my countenance into the obstinate disposition of philosophy; in my own opinion, I was, at that moment the Diogenes of —, and yet I did not snarl at the beggar; it was for the rich man I had a growl in embryo. I do not know whether I ought not to name my stick as a principal person in the scene; it was to me every thing. I always carry a stick—it is now a companion—now a friend—and now a foe—it took all these characters as I lingered near the overseer's door;—I heard the unfeeling man utter words as brutal as human breath could form them, and losing a part of my philosophy, I grasped the piece of wood, and struck my boot so violently, that I instantly became conscious it was *not* the overseer that I was punishing:—the stick was then transformed into the parish-officer, it was some satisfaction to have him chastised even by proxy; and thus I bent my stick most unmercifully.

"Poor people ought not to keep curs," said the man of flesh.—I thought, but it was my fancy, that the dog whisked his tail with a movement of irritation, at these words; at least, I imagined, that he should do so. The pauper's eye rested on the half-starved carcass of the animal, as if surveying the creature's ribs, which were nearly protruded through the famine-braced skin; the dog looked up, and they who like may say, that dogs have no language; but the dog as plainly said, "master, never mind," as tongue could speak, and then he gently forced apart the beggar's feet, and thrusting his nose between his master's worn-out shoes, seemed determined patiently to await his doom, be what it might. The beggar two or three times essayed to speak—but oratory would not second feeling; and the only appeal that he made to the overseer, was, "I have had him from a pup," and this was all the parish emperor was conscious of;

but the more sensitive man might have gathered from the succeeding sigh of the pauper—"my fate has ever been a lonely one—thou hast been its companion through all—I have patted thy spare sides, when all else have hurried from me—and when thrust from the door, to sleep beneath the hedge, thy tongue has licked my eye-lids, and thy head has lain upon my heart."—I am conscious the pauper meant this, but not being able to utter it, he only said,—"I have had him from a pup." The overseer moved not a feature; at that moment I thought I should have been justified in striking him across the temple with my stick, in order to discover whether it was really a carved image at the door; but the overseer put his hands in his pockets,—I felt ashamed of my impetuosity, for I thought he was going to relieve the pauper; it was not so; he merely placed both his hands in his pockets, in order to bring himself more upon his level, as though he grasped in his pouch a talisman against charitable weakness. The overseer sucked his lips—raised himself upon his toes—then fell upon his heels—and his accompanying words to these movements, were, "drown your dog, and come to-morrow." "Drown my dog," cried the beggar, and so loudly, that the animal started from his position, and looked in his master's face; the mendicant and the dog looked for a moment at each other—the poor man bent forward, patted the animal's back, and appearing to gain strength and independence from the greeting, rose again, and towering as high as the overseer, exclaimed, with a loud voice, striking his stick against the pavement. "I'll see you damned first." The beggar turned away, and walked firmly on, and the dog frisked, I thought, with something like triumph over the overseer; as I beheld the pauper gathering strength from feeling, and his rags fluttering in the wind, and saw the astonishment of the overseer—heard the dog pant as he jumped—

and the door of the parish officer, thunder to—here is a combination thought I, of appearance and sound—I watched the last remnant of the beggar's dress, with something like affection, and I turned my head from the house of the unfeeling, with a loathing I would not have lost for all his substance.—Praised be the pauper.

peter.

RETIREMENT OF MR. POPE.

We have heard, and we hope the report is not too good to be true, that Mr. POPE intends to quit the

stage on the closing of the Haymarket. This gentleman does perfectly right, for he must be well aware that his strange, and we may nearly say, useless efforts are now quite out of date. We shall not again, enter into any discussion on Mr. P.'s infirmities, as he will (in a Theatrical sense) depart this life in a few weeks—his spirit has long fled. We understand Mr. P., with his characteristic generosity, intends giving a dinner to his brother actors; this is handsome, and quite like Mr. P.; all we can wish is, that it had been given long before.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

THE HYPOCRITE.

Mr. FARREN has attempted *Doctor Cantwell*, and failed; this gentleman is not the actor for this part; FARREN can never be mellow in any thing, not that the *Doctor* is a jolly, saucy companion; but he is the mellow hypocrite; there is a devilish suavity in his libidinous manner, which FARREN substituted by sundry visual contortions, a perpetual twirling of the nose, and projecting of the lips—in a word, FARREN's *Doctor Cantwell*, is but *Skourlie* with a different name. LISTON's *Mawworm* threw his master into the shade; and *Colonel Lambert* by COOPER is one of his best parts. JOHNSON (always considered disagreeable) was by no means inconsistent in *Darnley*. Mrs. CHATTERLEY was sprightly, but something too *Francaise* as *Charlotte*, and Mrs. WINDSOR but respectable as *Old Lady Lambert*.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

JONATHAN IN ENGLAND.

The very name of this piece put us into a good humour, in the promise of a re-union with our eccentric and excellent friend Jonathan

W., whom we are happy to welcome to our own shores, attended by his usual equipage of whim, and those never-to-be-laughed-at-enough peculiarities (as our friend of the *Wishing Cap* would say) with which he entertained his visitors at home. He comes to us in the same long skirts and broad-brim, with the same predilection for story telling, says the same things, (we had almost said) but at least something quite as irresistable, and told in the same way—and then we laugh as usual, and declare that Charles MATHEWS should perform three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year to abolish the melancholy of the age; that he should be held as a national affair, and that Mr. Canning ought to have a staff of physicians in perpetual attendance upon his health. There are two or three good hits (as our English contents will call them) at American institution, which are introduced on the avowed principle of complimenting an audience at the expence of a pish! from those who refuse to take it as a joke, and a vulgar distension of jaw either to laugh or yawn, from the "do'nt tell me" sort of people, whose lamps are constantly replenished by Mr. Cobbett's weekly

half-pint. We do not like these Englishisms: if we are this free people, why are we so studiously reminded of it? it is not likely that this philosopher's stone when found will be soon forgotten; and it is a thing which we cannot help finding, if, indeed, it has any being save in the dead skull of Castle-reagh, which we know fed upon its best particles, and died of their digestions. But in truth the principal freedom we can find, is that which farce-makers take with the nature of their own avocation, which should be to tickle us with their feathers, not cleanse the Augean stables; but instead of a pack of merry-hearted, mischievous, wrangling rogues playing at ring taw, they show us a fiddle in one corner, and a group of canting pedants, mumbling politics in the other. Give us, gentlemen, satire, and not sentiment, which we dislike, and would as soon sit down to cribbage with the devil (from both of which, no offence to the clergy, we "hope to be saved"). There are some other characters in the piece which serve to fill up the intervals of MATHEWS, one of which is *Sir Leatherlip Grosfeeder*, a thorough-paced alderman, and as BARTLEY represents him, would not disgrace any Corporation extant. TAYLEURE has little to do, and a great deal to look, being introduced as a set-off to his little brother Natty, who is made rather amusing by KEELEY's original humour in this kind of character. BROADHURST indulged us with a little air, which the punning provision of Mr. Peake considered acceptable in the warm season; and Mrs. GROVE we perceived said a great many things, which reached us in disjointed fragments, like the stray legs and arms from a steam-packet. The piece with the powerful aid of MATHEWS has been very successful; and has been traced to the author of *My Own Man*, &c. whom we accused of the fact at the very first pun—they are perpetual tell-tales—and discover

Mr. Peake, simply because they have no point of their own.

GRETNA GREEN,

SEEMS to be a favourite point of attraction with all ages, genders, and degrees: it is in fact a very pleasant spot in spite of the blacksmith, and Mr. POWER's musical eccentricities. It concentrates a great deal of mirth in a small piece. First, there is WRENCH, with a straw beaver (as they would say at an Irish Five's Court) and an excellent mock tooth-ache as good as new—then we have W. BENNETT a fair sample of an old city emperor, with a sort of square dress, and a good round voice, that rolls over the senses like Sisyphus' stone—then there are PEARMAN's songs, "sweet," but not "as sugarcandy," which should be applied to Mr. SINCLAIR only—with POWER's brogue and bustle, and neither TAYLEURE or SLOMAN to step between the "cup and the lip." "Do you take sugar?" (tea-table politeness suggests)—then, reader, gentle reader, if merely an amateur) infuse but the talent of Miss KELLY into this dish of her own "twelve shilling green," and if you deny it to be Sparrow's unadulterated, we say you are a very coffee-house hunting bachelor, and have never listened with delight to the singing prologue of a tea-kettle. In short we like WRENCH in all things, particularly in *Gretna Green*: POWER is always moving (what POPE's tragedy never was)—PEARMAN's singing is worth waiting to hear, and W. BENNETT's voice is like the noise of a copper cauldron struck by a stone—a full clear sound, but only one. And then for Miss KELLY's *Betty Finikin*—but it is quite sufficient to say Miss KELLY played; it saves us volumes,

SURREY THEATRE.

IN offering our observations on the performances at this house, we feel justified in making a very tender allusion to the manner in which our latter criticisms in this quarter have been received—merely, however, *en passant*—a cobweb could never hold so “great a fly as Cassio.” It appears that two or three of the actors here have indulged themselves in certain little technicalities (which we forbear to quote) concerning the *abuse* with which, it is said, we echo the exertions of certain honorable sustainers of melo-drame and mummery, here and elsewhere. Now we know that every practiser upon credulity, conceives his “month of hard labour” would atone for greater enormities, as it is a kind of unnatural wrong (happily very rare) to imagine ill of ourselves; yet we cannot allow an actor to become his own censor, and set up an opinion of his own capabilities and deficiencies, like “any graven image,” for all mento acknowledge. Though cast into the “fiery furnace” we will not bow down to it. SHAKESPEAR himself was an actor! the gentle SHAKESPEAR! we have no gentle actors now; for no sooner do you approach him with “a soft besom” to “brush a web or two from off his walls,” than he retorts with a most sweeping censure, deals forth the most unpolite anathemas and harangues upon vulgarity and injustice, till his discourse assumes the complexion of his theme. Let him retort upon our forbearance and affection, by good acting the succeeding night, and we will admit his powers of argument; but “not a whole college of physicians shall flout us from our humour;” we would rather cure than kill, and prefer mild systems, having always kept our temper even with H. KEMBLE’s *Mephistopheles* before us; but, if our patients assert they are of *mens sana*, and then burn our well-meaning prescription,

there can be no resource but a straight waistcoat.

We were at first rather pleased with this indication of philosophy under our lash; for, besides a certain intellectual dignity which it undoubtedly manifests, it strengthens and assists our meek-heartedness, which recoils from an infliction on a sensitive mind. But want of feeling, and the most commonplace stupidity are sometimes mistaken for philosophy; though in this instance it is a mere masked indifference, the feeble cunning of men writhing under the justice of condemnation, without repenting their sins, as good people say. However, as they *do feel*,

“all other graces

“May follow in their proper places!”

and since actors have their humour, we cannot see why critics should not have theirs also. It is, therefore, determined, that Mr. KEMBLE shall be entitled to the name he bears, and incline rather to Garrick than Punchinello; that LOVEDAY shall continue to chuckle invariably at his own joke, (to us no joke) and what is more, we will chuckle with him; we will even laugh at HARWOOD, thus exemplifying the falsehood of the proverb—“you cannot extract blood from a stone”—nay, we will recognize AULD as “a marvellous proper man,” and as a stage-manager, allow him a due portion of brains—by the bye where does he *secret* them? when he amuses himself by dancing, we should say, in his *legs*; but they are of so *small* a compass, that his possession in this particular must naturally be very restricted. Now in admitting all this, we are secure of one thing; no one can say that we do not write with a dove-quill. We have already turned milk-man, and purpose selling our “human-kindness” every fortnight in sixpenny draughts.

The novelties at this house have been rather important than numerous, as a long run of success has

attended the appearance of the *Burning Bridge*, a melo-drame fresh from Mr. BALL's moral work-bag. We know not if it be true, but it has been remarked, that Mr. B.'s manuscripts are all written upon thread-papers, neatly stitched together with clean white cotton. If this be the fact, it is of little consequence, but it is certain that this gentleman wishes to convert our merry, long-acquainted, venerable theatre, into a sort of New Surrey Chapel, whereof himself would be the constituted Rowland Hill. Mr. B. regards his audience as a preparatory seminary: we like morality, but we like it steeped in claret: a system may become too moral, and from such a system this tall young writer never relaxes. The *Burning Bridge* has a heavy toll upon it—it is a long dull path, of which you may see the end as soon as you have entered—it is without a turning, or a style to lean upon. The language is of the same measured mediocrity which characterizes its author, and the interest oozes out before the incident is developed. Its great attraction and success may be traced to the effect of the scenery; and here we gladly stop to offer our undivided homage and applause to the talents of Mr. TOMKINS. There are an intensity and warmth of colouring about the scenes of this young artist, which place his name on the highest roll of his art. His style, without disclosing the magnificence of STANFIELD, has great energy, combined with the richest luxuriance; the conceptions of the latter painter have produced the vast machinery that encompasses the steps of *Manfred*; while the genius of the former lingers among the descriptions in *Lalla Rookh*. He has made the *Burning Bridge* one of the most beautiful exhibitions we have seen, and we can only regret that his colours should ever be painted out. New pieces should be written for the scenes.

Of the actors (scarcely observed moving amid the enchantment of Tomkins), we will touch and go. KEMBLE (H. KEMBLE we should say,

in our respect for the name) was red in the face, with paint, instead of passion; and ROWSOTHAM, though certainly too extravagant, gave proofs of an extension of intellect which grasps at something more than the mere outline: his pictures, romantic as they are, are well filled up: he is possessed of mind, that compasser of all things. HARWOOD was not worse than usual, need we say why? We think that YOUNG has sufficient mental resources to effect better things but he has yet accomplished: he should bring his brows as well as lips in play; he should omit a favorite retrograde movement of the lips and contraction of the fingers, he should vary his tone, which is certainly capable of variation, and above all, cease to brood so unprofitably—he crosses the stage as if counting the float-lights, or looking, like Whittington, for a pavement of gold. If these habits are not too deeply rooted, he may still succeed. Mrs. YOUNG's pleasantry half reconciled us to the insipidity of the dialogue.—The dresses and properties of this piece are of the most appropriate and expensive order, and we are happy to find the liberality of the management has been recognized by audience fashionable as well as crowded.

WAVERLY.

The *Adelphi* drama founded on this novel has been rendered still more unintelligible in its representation here. The object has been less to delineate certain characters than to give an imposing colour to events and situation, and thus form a striking, rather than a natural, effect. The actors "of course" conceived themselves at liberty to introduce their own interpretation, and made us laugh without measure at the distorted meaning. KEMBLE's *Mac Ivor* is of a different order, but perhaps inferior to that of the original sustainer. HEMMING, though too tame, always plays with

propriety; and LOVEDAY, but for his eternal chuckle, gave an able portraiture of the *Old Baron*. We never liked stage Quakers, and Mr. HARWOOD's facetiousness will never influence our taste. BUCKINGHAM coloured his nose very humourously, we wish WYATT would do so by his acting—however, we laughed most heartily at *Mrs. Nosebugs*, but it was only because he brought John REEVES to our recollection. BUCKSTONE puffed a mole-hill into something like a mountain, giving, if not a faithful, a very ludicrous picture of the *Laird*. Mrs. YOUNG can scarcely anticipate any violent expression of praise when we confess to have seen Mrs. WAYLETT—but there was something in the piece which struck us as being most provokingly attracting—ah! it was a Mrs. T. BLANCHARD. This lady, like her lord, should be restricted to pantomime: fortunately for our unoffending senses, we encounter but one at a time, as indeed one house would not hold the “male and female” of such a genus.

DER FREISCHUTZ.

We can scarcely pronounce upon the merits of this popular story, at this house, from an error or two of some complicated machinery which occurred on its first representation. This by the way is writing upon our darling system of indulgence, for it evidently appeared that Mr. AULD had Harlequinaded himself into a labyrinth, both as actor and manager; having a difficult scene to arrange, and some *fe, fi, fo, fum* poetry (the first he ever read) to deliver. We object to AULD as being so thin every way,—you cannot look at him, without looking through him—surely the proprietors must see him in the same light. And let Mr. LOVELAY make no more *apologies*; it is a novel way of atoning for a very excusable blunder, by committing another which no lenity in the world could

excuse;—we will endure the accident, but spare us the apology. The succeeding representations have, we learn, been much improved: the incantation scene begins to be more tractable; the skulls perform their office much more sensibly (the dead ones, we mean); the fire-works, unlike their manager, know what they are about, and carry us most triumphantly into the fifth of November; the choruses sound no more like the rattling of glass bottles, and the music ceases to be-riddle the fiddlers; ROWBOTHAM displays some fine acting, and Mrs. LOVEDAY a fine face. *Zaniel* has grown quite civilized and polite, and forbears to frighten the little folks: the green curtain descends—full houses declare that it was not Mr. Yardley that sung the Bacchanalian air, but that “an ass was practising recitative:” that GIBSON, when swelling the chorus in the next world, will still be found singing—“*The lass that loves a sailor*!” that KENDLE's acting is a mere doctor's label, “the draught as before:” that—but we have used up our ink—our next number shall find it replenished.

COBURG THEATRE.

GEORGE III. *the Father of his People*

With the present love of good order, and veneration for ruling authorities, past, present, and to come; with a confessed affection for all illustrious quarters, high personages, and melo-drame sublimities, but especially for those which lie condensed in the words marked in italics, turn we to this subject, one which the play-bills assure us is “unequalled in the page of history.” Before, however, we direct our attention immediately to the piece, we must publish our abhorrence of the apathy and lenity with which it has been recognized by the gentlemen

of the press. Really, the critical battledore has been exercised for mere sport, and no one ever dreamed that the harder the hit, the higher the spin; the feathers of the shuttlecock should have been plucked out at once. Here have the managers of a minor house made an attack on all that in this world of shop-keepers is most ineffable and sublime, nay, still stand in act to strike, and the whole host of critics simply fling a pinch of snuff in their eyes. Gentlemen, gentlemen, it is not a farce, that ye should thus crack a bottle and a joke over its memory; it is a libel upon every king in Christendom; the "beloved Ferdinand" himself is touched by the "satirical rogue." What, represent a king of England (that "paragon of animals") retreating from a radical shower of rain, and wrapping up his royalty in the comforts of an apple-dumpling? What, though the angel Raphael, in his visit to Paradise, observes,

"whatever was created needs
To be sustained and fed;"

and accordingly partakes of our milk and fruits, "nor seemingly," we are told, "nor in mist,"

"but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger;"

Yet does it follow that the sacred olfactories of majesty (and such majesty as composed the character of this "matchless man") should be polluted by the steam which vulgar nostrils might with like effect have inhaled? At this rate, if kings can represent farmers at their own table, why should not the farmer (who *can* read in these days) read a speech to parliament? One thing is as easily read as another, and it is *only* to read. This admitted, it will be argued that any man might be a king, which is ridiculous to suppose, because it would be treason. But this is the whole purpose of the satire, to bring monarchical governments into contempt, by falsely and impiously exhibiting the idol of enlightened times as a machine of flesh and

blood divested of all those independencies which spiritualize him in the mortality of thrones, and thus render him (in *one sense* of the word) perfectly *immaterial*. For ourselves, we could never in conscience acknowledge a king found guilty of diminishing apple-dumplings with the same mouth which teaches us wisdom. But it is every where the same caricature, royalty is made to possess corporeal endowment, lifting pigs and fresh butter into a cart, providing roasting-jacks, advising grooms not to "drink pearl of a morning," distributing jokes among pretty wives and widows, and above all, punning like a play-wright; thus insinuating, that modern princes though they keep no jester, *play the fool* themselves, and promoting the views of a folio which we hear is forthcoming, to be called, "Every crown its own cap and bells." It is not pardonable that subjects should thus be licensed to tax their sovereigns (whose prerogative it is to inflict taxation) with commonplace notions of benevolence and wit—let us look round the crowned heads in Europe, and say where such an imputation can be found. Why then should it be levelled at the memory of George the Third, who was at least free from every thing which could detract from our estimation of kingly capacities. Having premised thus much for the motive which is to breed immoderate vanity in the people, by fancying themselves cast in the mould of monarchs, we come to the satire itself, which is without point or method; no touch has been completed or pursued; the writer has only shown his weapon, not used it—for instance, to render his most wicked picture of the dumplings effective, it should have been coupled with a *mouse-trap* in a parallel line—but doubtless it would have been difficult for the property man to have provided the *precise kind* of trap in which, it is said, our gracious king was caught. Then as to his prognosticating that should Sir Arthur Wellesley con

tinue as he began, "he would in time become a duke," it is merely what any man might have said; but if the royal fortune-teller had hinted his representation at Astley's by Mr. Grierson, we might have admired his talent at particulars. The characters which has been most treasonably and maliciously perverted, is the very one which (for obvious reasons) should have been held most sacred, that of the *Prince of Wales*; who we are certain never looked so outwitted, or stood in such irreassable situations, either in 06 or 21, as Mr. BURROUGHS would lead us to fear. Then what must be the feelings in all loyal minds—to find their monarch accused of walking, hand in hand, with a couple of black rascals, who had been honored with liveries, at one time—and a pair of silly children at another; that he, who has passed with such dignity a Coronation ordeal, should be threading the streets of London at midnight, with a country wench upon the one arm, and divers bundles and band-boxes under the other—is it like 'the first gentleman in Europe?' risking his royal and valuable life to preserve a simple girl from the water, and then (so absurd!) restoring her to a crazy father; whereby hinting, that the prince, in being careless of his own safety, neglected the interests of his father's subjects, and was insensible moreover to the charms of woman—from both of which imputations we hasten to relieve his majesty, who has, we are assured been attached to all women, but *one*; and has ever taken care of his royal comfort and happiness for the welfare of the nation. But notwithstanding these unalicious attacks, the lampoon, viewed critically, has no direct point: it is nothing that the prince is made to hear and talk nonsense with Sheridan and Fox, that he gives a most ridiculous alliteration of "fat, fair, and forty"—the scene-painter and machinist should have been employed, in the construction of a sort of episodical prophecy, representing the prince casting off his

wig just as white hairs become visible, with Sir William Curtis substituted for Charles James Fox, and Sheridan in one corner, sending his last reproachful groans through the bars of a spunging-house. This would have heightened the interest, and given character to the scene. *The Duke of Clarence* too, who displays such devotion and tenderness in parting with his afflicted relatives, (of course "for the good of the country") might furnish something of the same kind; but all this has been omitted, so that the thing though malignant, is as silly as possible—then there are the *Duke of York* and the *Princesses*, all of whom are infamously satirized as being remarkably proud, not condescending to utter a word; and *Queen Charlotte* is made to walk about with unsnuffed fingers, not openly displaying her majesty's gracious attachment to the herb, but intimating that it was secretly indulged, when it was as plain as the young princesses.

Mr. BENGOUGH dressed and played the king with his usual judgment; but Mr. B. you are, as we learn from the Epilogue, one of the Committee of managers, and might well have resisted the introduction of such a passage as this, considering that it was the father of the reigning monarch that spoke—"one supposes this, and another proposes that, forgetting that there is one above who *disposes*, &c." *fie! fie!* Mr. B. Again, why would you suffer them to lift you into heaven in a bag wig? It looked immeasurably laughable. But we admired most how BURROUGHS kept his countenance; he walked the boards like a little Mr. ELLISTON, and 'was not ashamed.' He must be unblushable, or he could not have stood as the 'observed of all observers,' to lisp sentiment in a sugar-loaf hat. We have seen this gentleman in tragedy and comedy, we have smiled, shrugged, sighed, and yawned over him, but we never laughed outright until now. It is strange how a little hair-powder and a tail should throw a man's

face into burlesque, when an immense show of varnish and tinsel, impudence and vanity, fails to colour the mind's barrenness. DAVIDGE gave a tolerable delineation of an old court practitioner, one "of the world's stoics, men without a heart," and reminded us once or twice of FARREN, without being a copy. GOLDSMITH is a useful addition to the company, and BLANCHARD's whiskers are as large as ever. It says a little for the "peculiar talent of this establishment," that Mr. LEWIS was thought equal to a subject, which would have commanded a full play of powers in C. KEMBLE himself. *Sheridan* by Mr. LEWIS—thunder from a fiddle-stick. As for *Fox*, he appeared in a melancholy mood; but perhaps it was only the skill of Mr. VILLIERS that he seemed to glance with his mind's eye from the table of a Prince of Wales to the Council of a Regent, and brood upon the apostasy of heirs apparent. Mr. LE CLERQ was sufficiently *outré* as a French emigrant, and Mrs. LE C. performed a British Admiral in the same way. Mrs. DAVIDGE was more amusing, though quite confident, than usual. But the only merit of the piece is centered in a single scene between CORHAM and Miss WATSON, the former of whom delivered a few sentences in a style which we rarely heard equalled. Mr. C. is an actor of mind, and must play every thing well; but in this scene he is decidedly *great*; in short we had forgot the Coburg and were rolling among the hay-cocks of imagination, until BENGOUGH returned, and our truant fancies were obliged to descend and do penance.

A most silly epilogue followed, execrating all public criticism, and extolling the previous burlesque—"an Anthony worthy of such a Caesar!"

The Forty Thieves has been revived here, but with little effect. BRADLEY (the cause we know not) has become most judiciously gentle; walking a la Cato, and roaring "an 'twere any nightingale." Our

visits here will, in consequence be more frequent. CORHAM's *Hassarac* was given in the true manner, and BLANCHARD's *Wood-cutter* perfectly in his own—fight, fight, Mr. B.; but if you *will talk, we must laugh*. Mrs. LE CLERQ's *Morgiana* seemed to interest a very full house, and why should we make opposition to a general opinion?

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

THE FATAL ISLAND.

THIS is a pretty little melo-dram a possessing the usual hair-breadth escapes, and heart-rending situations of romance. GALLOT, as *Durville*, is very uxorious, paternal, magnanimously honorable, and in fact, a combination of all that is good in this land of prevailing wickedness. CANTLICH as *Gustavus* is somewhat too boisterous; he carries an air-pump in his throat, notwithstanding he is respectable; but the most mighty creature, the "King Log" among the "frogs," is Mr. KING, we will not swear to the fact, but we believe we recognised a brace of attendants from St. Luke's, with strait-jackets, and all the insignia of lunacy, waiting for Mr. K. at the stage-door.

The Magic Bowl has still been presented to the gallery, and inspired much good humour among the deities.

NEWCASTLE THEATRE.

Friday evening being the last night of performance under the present management, and for the benefit of Mr. De Camp, the new comedy of *Charles the Second* was represented, by desire and under the patronage of Col. Teesdale, and the Officers of the 1st Dragoon Guards. After the play, Mr. De Camp stepped forward, as manager, to deliver his farewell address to

the audience. Mr. De Camp had not withdrawn more than a minute or two, when he returned and observed—"I must again trespass on your indulgence, Ladies and Gentlemen. It is with great regret, from the many kindnesses you have shewn me, that I took my parting leave of you; but at the moment I left the stage, an act the most black, unmanly, and treacherous, I ever experienced in my life, was committed towards me; I have this instant been arrested, and I shall, therefore, be under the painful necessity of disappointing you, by not appearing in the after-piece agreeably to the announcement. I am unable to perform, because I am in custody. You will be anxious to know at whose suit, and I shall not hesitate to mention the names of the individuals who have treated me in this manner. The person who has made the arrest is Mr. Armstrong, the Solicitor, and it is at the suit of Mr. Clayton, the timber-merchant. Yet I am thus shamefully treated, arrested at a moment when I am quite unprepared to offer bail, though I was to be met with any hour of the day. I saw this very Mr. Armstrong the day before yesterday, and he then faithfully promised me, as a man and a gentleman, that he would be satisfied if the debt was paid by the 1st of November. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have to apologise to you for thus troubling you, but I could not avoid it from the circumstances in which I am placed." A peal of groans then followed from the audience, and hisses loud and long, from all parts of the house, were directed against the persons who had given rise to these remarks from Mr. De Camp. J. G. Clarke, Esq. stepped out from the boxes, and released the manager from this dilemma, by giving the bailiff his word that he would see the money paid. On the following morning the debt, which, we understand, was under thirty pounds, was discharged by the same Gentleman.

Mr. Butler, before the interlude of *Three Weeks after Marriage* commenced, stepped forward and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, all has been settled, and the performances will proceed to your entire satisfaction." On Mr. De Camp's appearance in *Sweethearts and Wives*, which concluded the evening's entertainments, he was received with great and long-continued applause. He came forward and observed, "that he had been relieved from his embarrassed situation by the kindness and generosity of his friends, who had crowded round him with their offers of assistance."

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

At the close of a very prosperous season, Mr. W. H. WILLIAMS delivered the following address:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—At the conclusion of the third year of the present proprietorship of these gardens, I have first to offer you their most sincere and respectful acknowledgments for a season of such success and popularity as the present. Honoured as they have been by the patronage of His Majesty, the presence of Royalty, and the repeated visits of the highest classes of the Nobility and the British Nation, the proprietors cannot but with regret acknowledge, that this evening comes like the close of a delightful summer's day—too soon! Yet to prolong the sunshine of their success to the detriment of other public establishments, would only tend to lessen them in your estimation, and consequently in their own. Your patronage has redeemed every hazardous expenditure and given a renewed impulse to future exertions. The appropriation of one night only, in the season to the Juvenile Fete, seems to have given such entire satisfaction, that the

proprietors have determined not to alter that arrangement in future. The general and unvarying approbation which throughout the season has been bestowed on the various amusements and arrangements, as well as on the refreshments, wines, and other preparations, is a matter of high gratification to the proprietors; to deserve a continuance of which, will be their incessant

aim: improvements are in contemplation for the next Season, which the proprietors trust will continue to render Vauxhall the resort of the noble and fashionable, and a discerning British public: in the name of the proprietors, and of every member of this establishment, I beg to return their grateful acknowledgments, and most respectfully to say—Farewell!"

THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT.

We understand that SLOMAN has purchased a country residence at Battersea, and, disgusted, with the causticity of criticism, intends (his low-comedy wigs hanging on the willows) to keep himself in dignified retirement.

Preparations are making for the opening of the *Olympic* on the fifth of October. A good company is engaged, and as the vile system of promising ten and twenty pounds per week, to a favoured three or four, is not to be indulged, all the salaries will doubtless be paid. Vining is Stage-manager.—Miss Phillis Glover, Miss Tokeley, and Mr. Buckingham, are among the new engagements.

It is said that Mr. C. who has so long travelled in a *vis-a-vis*, will in future go to *Manchester* in the *Union*.

We beg leave to deny the report that Mr. Tayleure is engaged at Covent Garden to transfer his high talents to *Der Freischutz*, at that Theatre.

We are informed that Mr. BALL is to be presented with a spick-and-span new Bible, by the Society for Suppression of Vice, for his moral efforts in restraining the licentiousness of the drama; plucking forth wit's thistles, and planting virtue's crocuses and snow-drops.

At the musical festival at Salisbury, whilst Madame Catalini, &c. were flying off *in alt*, in grand style, some amateurs from the metropolis were performing a *de profundis* on the pockets of the auditors with equal efficacy.

A villanous attempt was made a short time since to fire the Exeter Theatre. During the temporary absence of the cheque-taker, just at the commencement of the farce, some malicious scoundrel put a lighted paper into a lamp in the passage leading to the pit, which, setting fire to the cotton in it, produced a high flame, and a great deal of smoke, which the current of air through the avenues naturally conveyed into the pit. This attempt having been accompanied by the cry of 'Fire!' the confusion which took place may be easily conceived. Ladies were shrieking and fainting in various directions, and in one minute the most timid of the audience found themselves in safety on the outside of the Theatre; but those who remained were soon satisfied by the exertions of Mr. Harvey, the stage-manager, of their security. 'God save the King' was then played by the orchestra, and the performance then proceeded.

We hear that Mr. KEAN is engaged at Drury-Lane, on the most enormous terms, viz. *fifty pounds per night*, for twenty nights, and twenty pounds per week for the remainder of his engagements. This is monstrous! but this is ELLISTON, who offers *forty shillings* a-week to the sustainers of *third* and even *second* rate characters! What a vast service will the deaths of two or three men be to the profession.

It is imagined that the Haymarket Theatre will next season, have its term extended to seven months.

A grand horse-piece getting up at Drury-Lane;—should there be a tumble-down filly in the stud, we wish with Frederick Bramble, that it would be given to ELLISTON.

We hear that a parody on *Der Freischütz* is to be produced at the Olympic.

We understand that Mr. BALL has been some time busied at the Magdalen Institution, collecting the "round unvarnished tales" of some of the most interesting "unfortunates" there sojourning. Mr. B.'s object in this truly philanthropic effort is to present a "piece from real life," to serve as a sequel to George Barnwell.

Mr. PLANCHE (a gentleman who writes "author") has gone to Germany. We hope, he is not going to dip his pen "in the lake of terrors;" not that we are afraid of PLANCHE; only it would spoil his quill; it is now harmless and perfectly clean; we trust it will not be steeped in any thing stronger than current water from Paris.

The King of Spain is at Sacedon, in a house of six rooms, living in less state than an English squire, and taking no other enjoyment than his segar, and a visit to a little theatre which has been erected for him by a strolling company. He is so fond of this recreation, that if any thing occurs to interrupt the performances, he imposes silence himself.

LIMERICK THEATRE.—On Monday evening, after an interregnum of some years, the drama was revived in our city. The house, before the curtain rose, presented a respectable audience, such as, on a first night, must have been highly flattering to Mr. Clarke, and complimentary to Mr. Kean. In several of the scenes, Mr. Kean fell short of what his great energies would offer to a London audience. On Tuesday night, the *Merchant of Venice*, with the afterpiece of the *Spectre Bridegroom*, was represented. On the rising of the curtain, the appearance of the house was wretched, almost beyond precedent, and presented a desolate uncheering aspect—the theatre not being one-fourth full.—*Belfast Chronicle*.

Mr. Watkins Burroughs has been in training to enact George the Fourth, and we are now informed Mr. W. B. is a six-bottle-man. This young gentleman is (professionally) the legitimate heir-apparent to Elliston; there are all Robert Williams' flummery and fluster in their early development. To say the truth, Burroughs is a tolerably formed young man, he has, like *Sir Andrew* "an indifferent leg for a flame-coloured sock," and more than that he is a favourite with the Coburg bonarobas; all these circumstances fit him for a presumptive prince;—we wish his whiskers were longer, but all in good time.

Mr. Kean's benefit at the Galway Theatre was a complete bumper. The Galway paper states, that "during Mr. Kean's stay in Galway for the last week, some unknown villain or villains, for purposes which no one can divine, cut and destroyed the pannels of his chariot." Mr. Kean has been playing at Limerick with great success.

We understand, that the lady who has made so favourable an appearance as *Peggy*, in the *Country Girl*, is a pupil of Mrs. C. JONES, of the Haymarket Theatre.





J. Hindley fec.

MRS. C.F. JONES AS LUCY LOCKET.
in the
Beggars Opera